fin the Hardest of All Taskmasters-No Happiness in Evil Ways-Living Useful Lives-The Better World Above.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Dr. Talmage's subject was: "Lifted From the and her feathers with yellow gold."-Psalms lxviti. 13. He said:

with which they prepared their daily ver, and its feathers with yellow gold. food, and when these poor slaves, tired of | You and I have found out that people her feathers with yellow gold."

Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters. Worse than Pharaoh, it keeps us trudging, The way of the transgressor is hard!"

a very different thing from what it really particularly examined the New Testanot and I am ashamed that you, profess- the poor. Which of those young men do ing to be a philosopher, consent to con- you admire the better? The one a sham, demn a thing you never have examined." the other a prince imperial. And so men reject the religion of Jesus critical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful you might compare it to a robin redbreast, you might compare it to a dove, its wings covered with silver, how is it if a young man becomes a Chrisassociates, all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiserayoung man who had such bright prospects should so have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no par-

Here is a young woman who becomes a Christian-her voice, her face, her manners the charm of the deswingroom. Now all through the famionable circles the bright light should be extinguished, that that such worldly prospects should be obliterated." Ah, my friends, it can be shown that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace; that religion, instead of being dark, and doleful, and lachrymose, and rethan a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold. See, in the first place, what religion will

do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder. I do not say but he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged; but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man, not a Christian, depends upon worldly successes to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows how to spend; every thing goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes-there are many can testify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come-his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone; goes down, down. He becomes sour, cross, queer, cup to drown his trouble, but instead of give me." drowning his trouble drowns his body and

drowns his soul. ness. What though my money be gone? feathers with yellow gold. I have a title deed to the whole universe

written by the Psalmist, and perhaps you live or die, if I die I shall be with the Lord, making commentary upon the passage: | the last words of Washington: "It is well." moved, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, Jesus, receive my spirit. Come, Lord though the mountains shake with the Jesus, come quickly." "O death! where pendent the religion of Christ makes a man of worldly success and worldly cir-Brick Kilns," and his text, "Though ye cumstances! Nelson, the night before his the other. Now, I know it is very popular have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be last battle, said: "To-morrow I shall win in this day for young men to think there as the wings of a dove covered with silver | either a peerage or a grave in Westmin- | is something more charming in skepticism ster Abbey." And it does not make much than in religion; they are ashamed of the I suppose you know what the Israelites rises or falls in worldly matters; he has did down in Egyptian slavery. They everlasting renown any way. Other ingonall these subjects. My young friends, made bricks. Amid the utensils of the plumage may be torn in the blast, but that I want to tell you what I know from obbrick kiln there were also other utensils of | soul adorned with Christian grace is fairer cookery-the kettles, the pots, the pans, | than the dove, its wings covered with sil-

the day's work, lay down to rest, they lay who pretend to be happy are not always home to college. At college he formed the down amid the implements of cookery and | happy. Look at that young man caricathe implements of hard work. When they | turing the Christian religion, scoffing at arose in the morning they found their every thing good, going into roystering garments covered with the clay and the drunkenness, dashing the champagne botsmoke and the dust, and besmirched and the to the floor, rolling the glasses from begrimed with the utensils of cookery. | the barroom counter, laughing, shouting, But after awhile the Lord broke up that stamping the floor, shricking. Is he hapslavery and He took these poor slaves into | py? I will go to his midnight pillow. I a land where they had better garb, bright will see him turn the gas off. I will ask and clean and beautiful apparel. No more | myself if the pillow on which he sleeps is bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh as soft as the pillow on which that pure make his own bricks. When David in my young man sleeps. Ah! no. When he text comes to describe the transition of opens his eyes in the morning will the these poor Israelites from their bondage world be as bright to him as to that young amid the brick kilns into the glorious man who retired at night saving his prayemancipation for which God had prepared | ers, invoking God's blessing upon his own them, he says: "Though ye have lain | soul and the souls of his comrades, and among the pots, yet shall ye be as the father and mother, and brother and sister. wings of a dove covered with silver and far away? No. no. His laughter will ring out from the saloon so that you Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated hear it as you pass by, but it is book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes | hollow laughter; in it is the snapsaw people in the East cooking their food ping of heart-strings and the rattle on the tops of houses, and that she had of prison gates! Happy! that young often seen, just before sundown, pigeons man happy? Let him fill high (doves) which had, during the heat of the the bowl; he can not drown the upbraidday, been hiding among the kettles and ing conscience. Let the balls roll through the pans with which the food was pre- the bowling alley; the deep rumble and pared, picking up the crumbs that they the sharp crack can not overpower the might find-just about the hour of sunset | voices of condemnation. Let him whirl in would spread their wings and fly heaven- | the dance of sin and temptation and death. ward, entirely unsoiled by the region in All the brilliancy of the scene can not which they had moved, for the pigeon is a | make him forget the last look of his mother very cleanly bird. And as the pigeons as he left home when she said to him: flew away the setting sun would throw "Now, my son, you will do right, I am young man, "what was the sick one's silver on their wings and gold on their sure you will do right; you will, won't breast. So you see it was not a far- you?" That young man happy? Why. fetched simile, or an unnatural compari- across every night there flits shadows of son, when David in my text says to these eternal darkness; there are adders in every emancipated Israelites and says to all cup; there are vultures of despair striking those who are brought out of any kind of | their iron beaks into his heart; there are trouble into any kind of spiritual joy: skeleton fingers of grief pinching at the "Though ye have lain among the pots yet | throat. I come in amid the clinking of shall ve be as the wings of a dove covered glasses and under the flashing of the horse and started homeward, and all the with silver and her feathers with vellow chandeliers, and I cry: "Woe! woe! The way of the ungodly shall perish. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.

trudging in a most degrading service, but | O, my friends, there is more joy in one after awhile Christ comes and he says: drop of Christian satisfaction than in "Let my people go," and we pass out from whole rivers of sinful delight. Other among the brick-kilns of sin into the glori- wings may be drenched of the storm and ous liberty of the gospel; we put on the splashed of the tempest, but the dove that clean robes of the Christian profession and comes in through the window of this heav- on earth, mighty in Heaven-Adoniram when we soar away to the warm nest enly ark has wings like the dove covered Judson. Which do you like the best, Judwhich God has provided for us in Heaven, with silver, and her feathers with yellow son's skepticism or Judson's Christian we shall go fairer than a dove, its wings gold. Again I remark religion is an adorn- life? covered with silver and its feathers cov- ment in the style of usefulness into which it induces a man. Here are two young I am going to preach something which men. The one has fine culture, exquisite some of you do not believe, and that is that | wardrobe, plenty of friends, great worldly the grandest possible adornment is the re- success, but he lives for himself. His chief ligion of Jesus Christ. There are a great | care is for his own comfort. He lives usemany people who suppose that religion is lessly. He dies unregretted. Here is another young man. His apparel may not is. The reason men condemn the Bible is be so good, his education may not be so because they do not understand the Bible: thorough. He lives for others. His happithey have not properly examined it. Dr. ness is to make others happy. He is as Johnson said that Hume told a minister in | self-denying as that dying soldier, falling the bishopric of Durham that he never in the ranks, when he said: "Colonel, there ment, yet all his life warring against by carrying me to the hospital; let me die it. Halley, the astronomer, announced just where I am." So this young man of his skepticisms to Sir Isaac Newton, whom I speak loves God, wants all the and Sir Isaac Newton said: "Now, sir, I | world to love Him, is not ashamed to carry have examined the subject and you have a bundle of clothes up that dark alley to

O, do you know of any thing, my hearer, Christ, because they really have never in- that is more beautiful than to see a young I may not hear from your own lips the vestigated it. They think it something un- man start out for Christ? Here is some tangible, something that will not work, one falling; he lifts him up. Here is a clasp hands with you when the sea is something Pecksniffian, something hypo- vagabond boy, he introduces him to a mission school. Here is a family freezing to death; he carries them a scuttle of coal. There are 800,000,000 perishing in midnight heathen darkness; by all possible means in Heaven, I wish I could this morning and its feathers with yellow gold. But he tries to send to them the Gospel. He may be laughed at and he may be sneered tian? All through the club room where he at and he may be caricatured, but he is not ashamed to go everywhere, saying: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. tion. They say: "What a pity that a It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." Such a young man can go through every thing. There is no ter or dear little child garnered alforce on earth or in hell that can resist

I show you three spectacles. Spectacle the first: Napoleon passes by with the host that went down with him to Egypt and up with him through Russia and crossed the continent on the bleeding whisper goes: "What a pity that such a heart of which he set his iron beel and across the quivering flesh of which he went such a graceful gait should be crippled, grinding the wheels of his gun carriagesin his dying moment asking his attendants to put on his military boots for him. Spectacle the second: Voltaire, bright and learned and witty and eloquent, with tongue and voice and stratagem infernal, warring against God and poisoning whole pulsive, is bright and beautifui, fairer kingdoms with his infidelity, yet applauded by the clapping hands of thrones and empires and continents-his last words in delirium supposing Christ standing by the bedside-his last words: "Crush that wretch !"

Spectacle the third: Paul-Paul, insignificant in person, thrust out from all reflued association, scourged, spat on, hounded like a wild beast from city to city, yet trying to make the world good and Heaven full; announced resurrection to those who mourned at the barred gates of the dead; speaking consolations which light up the eyes of widowhood and orphanage and want with glow of certain and eternal release; undaunted before those who could take his life, his cheek flushed with transport and his eyes on Heaven; with one hand shaking defiance at all the foes of earth and all the princiyoung men in the house this morning who palities of hell, and with the other hand beckoning messenger angels to come and bear him away, as he says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, misanthropic, blames the world, blames I have kept the faith; henceforth there is society, blames the church, blames every laid up for me a crown of righteousness; thing, rushes perhaps to the intoxicating | which the Lord, the righteous judge, will

Which of the three spectacles do you most admire? When the wind of death But here is a Christian young man, struck the conqueror and the infidel they Trouble comes to him. Does he give up? were tossed like sea gulls in a tempest, No. He throws himself back on the re- drenched of the wave and torn of the hursources of Heaven. He says: "God is my ricane, the dismal voices heard through asters I shall | the everlasting storm; but when the wave pluck advantage for my soul. All the and the wind of death struck Paul, like an promises are mine. Christ is mine. Chris- albatross be made a throne of the tempest, tian companionship is mine, Heaven is and one day floated away into the calm, mine. What though my apparel be worn | clear summer of Heaven, brighter than the out? Christ gives me a robe of righteous- dove, it wings covered with silver and its

O, are you not in love with such a religin the promise. 'All are yours.' What ion-a religion that can do so much for a though my worldly friends fall away? man while he lives, and so much for a man in all the bravery of Fashion's Flora, Ministering angels are my body guard. when he comes to die? I suppose you may What though my fare be poor and my have noticed the contrast between the debread be scant? I sit at the King's ban- parture of a Christian and the departure of an infidel. Deodorus dying in chagrin O, what a poor, snallow stream is world- because he could not compose a jeke equal ly enjoyment compared with the deep, broad, overflowing river of God's peace, table. Zeuxis, dying in a fit of laughter in that congregation. We should like sition being compounded and applied assure himself that he was all right, broad, overflowing river of God's peace, table. Zeuxis, dying in a fit of laughter rolling midway in the Christian heart! at the sketch of an aged woman—a sketch of an aged woman aged

seen the waves dash into white foam at self. All this on one side compared with your feet. They did not do you any harm. the departure of the Scotch minister, who While there you thought of the chapter said: "I have no interest as to whether I recited it to yourself while the storm was | and if I live the Lord shall be with me." Or "God is our refuge and strength, a very Or the last words of McIntosh, the learned present telp in time of trouble. Therefore and the great: "Happy!" Or the last will I not fear though the earth be re- word of Hannah More, the Christian poetess: "Joy!" Or those thousands of Christians who have gone, saying: "Lord swelling thereof. Selah!" O, how inde- is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Behold the contrast. Behold the charm of the one, behold the darkness of difference to the Christian whether he old-fashioned religion of the cross, and they pride themselves on their free thinkservation that while skepticism is a beautiful land at the start, it is the great Sa-

hara desert at the last. Years ago a minister's son went off from acquaintance of a young man whom I shall call Ellison. Ellison was an infidel. Ellison scoffed at religion, and the minister's son soon learned from him the infidelity, and when he went home on his vacation broke his father's heart by his denunciations of Christianity. Time passed on and vacation came and the minister's son went off to spend the vacation and was on a journey and came to a hotel. The hotel keeper said: "I am sorry that to-night I shall have to put you in a room adjoining one where there is a very sick and dying man. I can give you no other accommodation." "O," said the young college student and minister's son, "that will make no difference to me except the matter of sympathy with anybody that is suffering." The young man retired to his room, but could not sleep. All night long he heard the groaning of the sick man or the step of the watchers and his soul trembled. He thought to himseif: Now, there is only a thin wall between me and a departing spirit. How if Ellison should know how I feel? How if Ellison should find out how my heart flutters. What would Ellison say if he knew my skepticism gave way?" He slept not. In the morning, coming down, he said to the hotel-keeper: "How is the sick man!" "O." said the hotel-keeper, "he is dead, poor fellow! The doctors told us he could not last through the night." "Well," said the name; where is he from?" "Well," said the hotel-keeper, "he is from Providence College!" "What is his name?" "Ellison." "Ellison!" O, how the young man was stunned. It was his old college matedead without any hope.

It was many hours before the young man could leave that hotel. He got on his way he heard something saying to him: "Dead! Lost! Dead! Lost!" He came to no satisfaction until he entered the Christian life, until he entered the Christian ministry, until he became one of the most eminent missionaries of the cross, the greatest Baptist missionary the world has ever seen since the days of Paul-no superior to Adoniram Judson. Mighty

O, if religion does so much for a man on earth, what will it do for him in Heaven? That is the thought that comes to me now. If a soldier can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he goes into battle, how much more jubilantly he can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he has gained the victory! If religion is so good a thing to have here, how bright a thing it will be in Heaven! I want to see that young man when the glories of Heaven have robed and crowned him. I want to hear him sing when all huskiness of earthly colds is gone, and he rises up with the great doxology. I want to know what standard he will carry when marching under arches of pearl in the army of banners. I want to know what company he will keep in a land where they are all kings and queens forever and ever. If I have induced one of you this morning to begin a better life, then I want to know it. I may not in this world clasp hands with you in friendship. story of temptation and sorrow, but I will passed and the gates are entered.

and that I might show you the glories with which God clothes His dear children swing back one of the twelve gates that there might dash upon your ear one shout of the triumph, that there might flame upon your eyes one blaze of the splendor. O, when I speak of that good land, you involuntarily think of some one there that you loved-father, mother, brother, sisready. You want to know what they are doing this morning. I will tell you what they are doing. Singing. You want to know what they wear. I will tell you what they wear. Coronets of triumph. You wonder why oft they look to the gate of the temple, and watch and wait. I will tell you why they watch and wait and look to the gate of the temple. For your coming I shout upward the news to-day, for I am sure some of you will repent and start for Heaven. O, ye bright ones before the throne, your earthly friends are coming. Angels, posing midair, cry up the name. Gate-keeper of Heaven, send forward the tidings. Watchman on the battlements celestial, throw the signal.

That I might woo you to a better life,

have; it is only a question of time." My brother, I am afraid you may lose here in the way Louis Philippe lost his empire, The Parisian mob came around the Tuileries. The National guard stood in defense of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe: "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." "No," said Louis Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and when Louis Philippe, seeing the case was helpless, said to the General: "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the General, "it is too late now; don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. Away from the earth went the house of Orleans; and all because the King said: "Not yet, not yet." May God forbid that any of you should adjourn this great subject of religion, and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late-too late; you losing a throne in Heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth.

"O," you say, "religion I am going to

"When the judge descends in might, Clothed in majesty and light; When the earth shall quake with fear, Where, O where, wilt thou appear?" Showing Off at Church.

The piety that goes to church enwrapped in costly lace, and crowned with a fifty-dollar bonnet, is not of the kind which strikes about 18 college parlors, and sometimes known to her sisters, boiled all the rest, cooled them, and sent them back kind which strikes a bee-line for the better world. When one enters a place of worship where the female devotees are dressed as for the opera, and there is an odor as of a perfumery store, a flutter of plumy, glittering fans, a multitude of heads tricked out and a general indication of a desire to adore the Creator a la mode, it is difficult to believe that the child-like simplicity of soul, which is essential to bound beach of the sea when there has playing cards, his friend holding his hands been a storm on the ocean, and you have because he was unable to hold them him- ionable fete?—N. Y. Ledger.

LIGHT FOR THE BLIND.

A Luxury That Gives Great Satisfaction to the Inmates of Asylums. You have probably often seen blind asylums brilliantly lighted at night, and you have probably just as often wondered why the blind required such a luxury. An inquisitive reporter recently ascertained that the blind are not deprived of their sight to such an extent as is generally supposed. Superintendents and managers of asylums are aware of this fact and know all the little foibles and petty tricks of their wards. The blind are most mischievous at the very time when one would think them to be the least troublesome -that is, in the evening. The superintendents in this city understand this and order all the gas jets in the institution to be lighted promptly at sundown. All the tricky ones are then watched by the janitors as carefully as Tabby does the mouse. Most of the blind have some powers of evesight, and light rays, as a rule, can be readily perceived by them. They know that when all the lights are going at full blaze they can not cut up any pranks, and that all the books with heavy print, which they can take to bed and read far into the night, are taken away from them. These are the principal reasons why the passers-by sees all the lights burning in the rooms of the blind asylum. But there is another and special reason. Guardians of the blind state that the latter derive a great amount of comfort from the light. Many of them can perceive rays, and that is the only gratification left to their impaired vision. As soon as night comes on they wait patiently for the gas or lamps to be lighted and then muse under the illumination that is sensible to their optics.

Superintendents find it hard to divide the blind into distinct classes, according to the degrees of blindness. There is one continuous graduation from the totally blind to those who can see to read large type. The blind are divided into three classes by those who come in daily contact with them. The first class is composed of those who can which light gives. The highest test to | Topics. prove total lack of vision is to place

forms of persons. These are fed with personage in this country. illumination and want it most. Reguble comfort from it.

read and discern the features of their care for gas light, sometimes because Menendez. it interferes with their little plans of

Light and music are the blind person's chief delights. All the lost powers of vision are almost compensated for by the extraordinary sense of harmony and time. A peculiar musical talent and gift are apportioned to the are blind persons. The same is true in Boston, where all of the pianos in the public schools are tuned by the blind. -Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

ETIQUETTE AT VASSAR. A Glimpse at the College Life of Bright American Girls.

Vassar is a college in all that the name implies; and a thorough education is given in all academical branches; and it has its rules of social etiquette just as rigidly adhered to as in Yale or Harvard.

Every girl in the college sallies forth during the early days of the term, cardcase in hand, to call on the freshmen in her corridor. If the freshmen be out, a card is left; if in, the acquaintance is formed. But in either case the call must be returned within a week. After this calls and visits are more informal. and parties given.

Each girl is expected to give a party in her room once in the year. These are invariably held after ten o'clock, at which hour lights should be put out: but with closed doors, carefully shrouded in shawls and waterproof cloaks, the night watchman gets no hint of the dissipation being indulged in within.

When three girls share a sittingroom, with a bed-room apiece opening out of it (for most of the rooms are in groups of this kind), they combine in the giving of their entertainments, thus saving no small amount of trouble and

Besides the individual parties or "spreads," there are the legitimate class parties. The seniors invite the juniors, the juniors the seniors. The sophomores give the freshmen a party early in the year, and later on invite them to the "trig" ceremonies, an eccentric performance to signalize their joy at having finished their course in trigonometry, to which the freshmen

are still looking forward. The character of the entertainment is burlesque. Mathematical signs and terms are personified, and good natured ridicule showered on "classmates," objectionable college institutions, and even the "faculty" itself. There are occasional minstrel performances, with broke six of a lot of eggs in a vain peanuts, apples, maple sugar and lem- search for a fresh one. She, then, un-"powder" and costume balls-of course confined to inmates of the house. - change on a new bill for other articles.

Golden Days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

-A California farmer, believing that cats will exterminate squirrels and gophers, purchased a large number and set them at liberty on his land.

-Several boys when arrested in New York the other day, were working industriously, as they afterwards explained in court, to create a haunted

-The last society spoken of in California is the "Pay-Nothings." It is said to be alarmingly prosperous. The pass-word is, "Lend me a dollar:" the response, "Broke!"

-"What's the most convincing proof that you know of;" asked the philosophical tramp, "that a man possesses an inherent right to own 'property?" "A bulldog in the front yard," promptly replied his companion.-Chicago

-Mistress (to servant)-"Look at the dirt on that chair, Bridget. Your work is shockingly neglected this week." "I know it is, mum; but I've been too busy to attend to it, shure. I'm a candidate for the Boord av Iddicashun, mum, and I have to canvass my ward."- Texas Siftings.

-Uncle Cuffy-"Which is the cheapest, de fly-blister or de poor-house plaster?" Druggist-"Just the same -twenty-five cents apiece." Uncle C. - Well, doctor, you better give me all two; my old 'ooman is berry low wid de remonia; an' I want um fur hab eb'ry comfort." - Detroit Free Press.

-Crooked and Straight are the names of a pair of clergymen in charge of an English church. Lock & Key were long familiar names over the door of a hardware store in Louisville, Ky. Scarcely less appropriate were the last named parties to their business than were the famous U. Ketchum & L. Cheatum firm of lawyers.

-Enthusiastic Traveler-"Ab, England is a glorious country indeed. A nation of conquerors, possessions everywhere all over the globe, enormous financial resources; why, you know they say the sun of Victoria never sets." Mrs. Porkehoppe (of not perceive light of the greatest inten- | Chicago)-"I want to know, don't he sity. They are devoid of the comfort ever get tired of standing?"-Town

-A contest has been going on in the blind person in the direction of New York newspaper between a numlightning during a thunder storm, and ber of young wemen for the honor of if the flash is not perceived this proves | being the youngest grandmother in the that the sense of vision is entirely gone. | country. It has been shown by the let-In the second class are those who ters of the contestants that a woman can perceive and appreciate light and who was a grandmother at the age of can see only the barest outline of the thirty-two is by no means an unusual

-A few days ago Mr. Davis, of St. larly at sun-down, they seek the chairs Augustine, Fla., heard a bell tinkling, nearest to the light, and draw ineffa- and couldn't tell from what quarter it The third class can not only dis- saw a buzzard with a small brass bell tinguish light, but can also partially around his neck. He shot the buzzard. and on examination saw an indistinct friends. This class is by far the most date, "1565," on the bell. He thinks troublesome. They do not especially it must have been hung there by old

-An oil expert from Pennsylvania mischief. The janitors always make it is of the opinion that there is more oil a point to light the gas in their rooms under the soil of California than in and keep their idle brains out of mis- Pennsylvania itself. He finds that the ledge of oil-producing rock begins at Peru, crops up at San Diego, then dips and reappears at Santa Barbara, and again appears at San Francisco and further north.

-The meanest man in Kansas has been found. He lives in Reno County, blind, and secure for them positions of and in writing to the treasurer of note. Many piano tuners are blind. In | Sedgwick County in a matter pertain-Paris nearly all the head piano tuners ing to his taxes, he used a postal card that had done duty once before and spent at least three hours in effacing the address, stamp, and first message from off the card. The postal is to be framed and hung up in the treasurer's office as a memento of man's avarice. -Wichita (Kan.) Journal. -In a letter from Salt Lake City de-

scriptive of the Mormon Tabernacle. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe writes: "A glance at the congregation easily corroborated the statement that Mormonism largely recruits itself from the most wretched and ignorant classes of European countries. Some of the head of those present might have been termed well advanced on the way back to the gorilla. Vacant countenances, eyes empty of thought were seen on every

-It was a rather queer remark that Buffalo (N. Y.) business man made lately. Said he, "I can get a better bargain in any store in this town if I don't pay as I go than I can for cash, and what is still more to the purpose, can command better treatment and better service while I am making the purchase. The moment my money goes over the counter the interest in prompt delivery and such accessories must all According to recent investigations is caused by fall back on the character of the house I excess of lactic seld in the blood. This acid attacks am dealing with. But if I do not pay at once I am still a customer to be looked after and every thing will be done to the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists. retain my good will.

-A Boston sportsman who has been enjoying the sport at Moluncus Lake. in the northern part of Maine, entered a lumberman's house and was well entertained during the night. In the parlor of the house was the lumberman's library, which the visitor had the curisity to examine. The list was as follows: "Lives of Eminent Saints." "Mysteries of Paris," "Robinson Crusoe," "Sure Way to a Happy Marriage," Life of the Popes," "Teachings of the Catholic Church and Her Divine Founder and Saviour,""Catholic Faith" and "Our Deportment." The lumberman's mind had certainly a serious bent.

-The cook in a St. Louis family

to the grocer to be credited back in ex-One day after that a darky woman came tearing down upon that grocer -Masons will be interested in the and asked, in the presence of other invention by an Eastern man of two customers, why he sold her "biled kinds of plastering composition. That eggs." He had hardly got the colored to be used for the first coat consists of woman off with a new lot of eggs when sand, sawdust, plaster of paris, slacked a white woman came in with the same lime. sugar and carbonate of soda, complaint about the sending to her while that for the second coat is made house of boiled eggs. The grocer of cream of tartar, pumice stone, sugar, thought he must be getting insane, customers.

Compelled to Pay Duties

The following story is told at the expense of Princess Bismarck: The other day she went to Hamburg to make her customary household purchases, which she never allows anybody else to attend to. Unfortunately, she missed her train to Friedrichsruhe, and as there was no other train for two hours, she told her coachman to drive her through the district of the free port. On returning into the town, she was stopped by a custom-house official, who imposed a duty on every one of the articles she had purchased, and refused to let her proceed until she had paid in full .- N. Y. Post.

Smiling Gardens of Plenty

Where nature beams her brightest-in the extreme south, on our sister continent and in the tropics of the Caribbean Sea-are too often the home of malaria, the vertical sun, copious decaying vegetation and bad water, also co-operating to breed virulent disor-ders of the stomach, liver and bowels. It is in such regions that Hostetter's Stemacl Bitters gets in some of its most beneficent

USUALLY the inconsistency is of the man who professes much and does little, but there may be an inconsistency on the part of the man who professes nothing and does much. The profession and the character should be one.

"My friends laughed at the idea of a \$5.00 bone mill, but since I got one of Wilson's, advertised in this paper, the laugh is all on my side. Every one that sees it has to acknowledge it is a perfect success. I can crack enough shells for 150 fowls in 3 minutes; and the same amount will go five times farther than if cracked with a hammer. There is no waste, and a child can crack them. Bones take a little more strength. It also cracks corn easily and

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THE Chinese does not take his queue from nature. Two-thirds of it is third-

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A PROMINENT band-the engagement ring .- Detroit Free Press.

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Sides.... POTATOES.... CATTLE-Shipping steers... 5 00 @ 5 60 Butchers' steers.... 3 30 @ 4 50 HOGS-Packing 5 00 6 5 15 SHEEP-Fair to choice. 8 25 6 4 60 FLOUR-Choice..... 3 50 @ 4 75 CORN-No.3 30%2

3: 04

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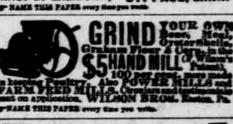
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